

UPTON SINCLAIR TELLS MORE ABOUT BEEF TRUST HORRORS

Fourth Article in Series Which Author of "The Jungle" is Writing Especially for The Evening World.

OFFICIAL PARADE GROUND FOR THE USE OF VISITORS.

Portion of the President's Report Dealing With Use of Chemicals and Working Over of Tainted Meat Not Yet Made Public.

The Evening World to-day prints the fourth article in the series written exclusively for this newspaper by Upton Sinclair, author of "The Jungle," in which he is disclosing how he came to write the book which led to the exposure of Packingtown horrors, and how he obtained his facts.

IV.

BY UPTON SINCLAIR.

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At the moment when I pen these words the President's report has been given out, and also the reply of the Chicago packers; and I read in a newspaper despatch that they are printing full-page advertisements in the Chicago papers, inviting the public to come and see for themselves.

I presume that this is the reward which the Chicago newspapers have earned by their determined efforts to prevent the publication of the truth about Packingtown. This bluff about coming out and seeing for yourself is an old time one; it is one of the first things that you are told when you venture to hint that there may be anything wrong about the methods of the packers—that millions of visitors pass through there every year and so evil practices could not be concealed.

In every one of the large packing-houses there is what you might call an official parade ground, a place especially fixed up for the reception of visitors, and provided with numerous signs warning the employees to keep clean. Uniformed guides are provided, ostensibly to pilot the visitors around, but in reality to see that they do not depart from the beaten track. A party comes along and finds everything shipshape, and even the Government inspectors working hard, and he goes out satisfied that the Beef Trust is a philanthropic institution. But let the visitor display a little originality, and start off in a different direction from the guide, through one of the labyrinthine passages of the huge meat factory. How quickly an alert-eyed "spotter" of the company will step up to him and ask him—not to step out, oh, no! but with the utmost interest and politeness—"Whom are you looking for?"

I used to venture around in that way, through all the packing houses, until I got to be known to the detectives on watch. Sometimes I was under the escort of workmen who were known in the place, and while there were rooms where they could not take me, and others where I could only stay for a few seconds, I saw enough to set all my nature aflame with indignation and disgust. I saw spotted hams

Horrors Seen in Forbidden, Secret Places.

being decorated with strong chemicals; I saw cold meat and filthy scraps lying around ready to be doctored up into sausage. I saw meat in the storerooms where poisoned rats lay around, and live ones ran about—and left their dung on the meat so thick that one could sweep it off with his hand! I saw filthy workmen, Lithuanians and Slovaks, washing their hands in the water which was to be ladled into the sausage hopper. (That was when the noon whistle blew, and they wanted to eat their lunch, and the packers had prepared them no place to wash!) Also I saw them spit into barrels in which the waste ends of smoked beef were stored, down in the cellars. I examined the contents of these barrels; the meat beginning to turn mouldy, and the wood was soaked with water from the roof, and slimy and stinking. I saw sausages hung in vats full of dye; it costs money really to smoke the sausage—the smoking takes time, and also the sausage loses a little in weight. Therefore they preserve it with borax and dye it red, and down in Coney Island you eat it and take a chance on your life.

There is a portion of the President's report which has not yet been made public. It deals with the use of chemicals, and the working over of spoiled and tainted meats; and it is to be hoped that the public will see this before the agitation is over, for it is one of the most interesting aspects of the condemned meat industry. It is one in which you do not have to take anybody's word—it can be proved by chemical analysis, and may be seen openly in the packing houses. Innumerable analyses of packing house products have been made, and it may safely be said that not ten per cent. of the by-product foods, that is to say, sausages, tinned and potted meats, hams and bacon, are free from borax, salicylic acid, formaldehyde and other dangerous chemicals. Armour & Co., Swift & Co., Nelson Morris & Co. and every one of the larger houses in Chicago have pleaded guilty to criminal indictments for selling such products. A case was reported in Pennsylvania only a few days ago; and I quoted a number of cases in my article entitled "The Condemned Meat Industry," which appeared in Everybody's Magazine for May.

I advise any one who is curious about this subject to procure a copy of the National Provisioner, which is published in New York, and make a list of some of the "packers' supply" houses, and get their catalogues. There he will get the truth about dyes, coloring matters, imitation "smoke colors," preservatives and embalming fluids, not in a lying statement intended for public perusal, but in the bald language of the business. I sent President Roosevelt a number of these catalogues. There are powders and dyes to be mixed in with Hamburger steak and sausages, or to be poured over fresh meat, to give it "a beautiful, natural, red-cherry color, which it would take an expert to distinguish." There are varnishes for all kinds of sausages, to make any one think that the sausage had been smoked.

How to Learn Facts About the Embalming Drugs

WASTE BARRELS CLEANED ONLY ONCE EVERY YEAR.

There was no place for the men to wash their hands before they ate their dinner, and so they made a practice of washing them in the water that was to be ladled into the sausage. There were the butt ends of smoked meat, and scraps of corned beef, and all the odds and ends of the waste of the plants that would be dumped into the old barrels in the cellar and left there. Under the system of rigid economy which the packers enforced there were some jobs that it only paid to do once in a long time. Among these was the cleaning out of the waste barrels. Every spring they did it; and in the barrels would be dirt and rust and old nails and stale water—and cartload after cartload of it would be taken out and dumped into the hoppers with the fresh meat and sent out to the public's breakfast. Some of it they made into "smoked" sausage, but as the smoking took time, and therefore was expensive, they would call upon their chemistry department, and preserve it with borax and color it with gelatine to make it brown.—From "THE JUNGLE."

UPTON SINCLAIR, BEEF TRUST PROBER.



Upton Sinclair.

FEDERAL INSPECTORS ARE NOT OVERWORKED.

Before the carcass was admitted here, however, it had to pass a Government inspector, who sat in the doorway and felt of the glands in the neck for tuberculosis. This Government inspector did not have the manner of a man who was worked to death; he was apparently not haunted by the fear that the hog might get by him before he had finished his testing. If you were a sociable person he was quite willing to enter into conversation with you and to explain to you the deadly nature of ptomaines which were found in the tubercular pork; and while he was talking with you you could hardly be so ungrateful as to notice that a dozen carcasses were passing him untouched. This inspector wore a blue uniform with brass buttons, and he gave an atmosphere of authority to the scene and, as it were, put the stamp of official approval upon the things that were done at Durham's.—From "THE JUNGLE."

There are preservatives to keep meat in any climate for long periods of time. I remember one preparation which was called "Wagoner's Disinfectant;" you would have thought that the account of it was out from an undertaker's catalogue. It was said that it was "indispensable to every butcher and packer," it was an "absolute deodorizer" of meat, and would make stale meat as good as new. It called attention to the fact that every butcher had meat left over which got soft and slimy, or mouldy, or green, and stated that this marvellous preparation would save him all the loss.

During the investigation held at the close of the Spanish War for the purpose of whitewashing the packers and suppressing the truth about the "embalmed beef" scandal, man after man of the Beef Trust magnates went upon the stand and swore that they used no chemicals in their business.

STUFF WHICH FURNISHED ARMY "EMBALMED BEEF."

There were cattle which had been fed on "whiskey malt," the refuse of breweries, and had become what men called "steerly"—which means covered with boils. It was a nasty job killing these, for when you plunged your knife into them they would burst and splash foul-smelling stuff into your face; and when a man's sleeves are smeared with blood and his hands steeped in it, how is he ever to wipe his face or to clear his eyes so that he could see? It was stuff such as this that made the "embalmed beef" that had killed several times as many United States soldiers as all the bullets of the Spaniards; only the army beef, besides, was not fresh canned; it was old stuff that had been lying for years in the cellar.—From "THE JUNGLE."

ness; yet I know a man who at that very time was selling them barrels and cartloads of the very kind of stuff that I have been describing. Swift & Co. had put itself under a contract to furnish the United States Army with fresh meat which would keep for seventy-two hours in a tropical climate. But at the time of the investigation this contract could not be found; and the explanation was given that the seventy-two hour clause had been a misunderstanding.

*Senate Document 270, Fifty-sixth Congress, first session. To any one who knows anything at all about the packing industry nineteenth of the stuff which is now being ladled out to the public by the Beef Trust lobbyists is known to be the veriest falsehood. They have denied, for instance, that they work over old and tainted meat; yet any one who works in Packingtown knows that this is one of the regular customs of every packer. I myself saw old sausage being ground over; and the President's commission saw cans of old beef being worked over and relabelled. At the Spanish War investigation, recently referred to, it was proved that two cartloads of old stuff rejected by the commissary officers, for the reason that it stank so that one could not enter the cars in which it was stored, were taken back to Armour & Co.'s warehouse and

Decayed Meats "Worked Over" for Soldiers.

were "rehandled." Employees testified that the "rehandling" consisted in opening the cases and sorting out the bad cans, which had exploded. Those which had not exploded were repacked, and the other cans were opened. Inquiry was made as to what became of the contents of these cans; and the witness testified that he did not know, but that they went to the "cook-rooms." What was done with them in the cook-rooms one was left to infer from the testimony of officers and soldiers, who stated that they had opened cans of meat and found numbers of dead maggots inside!

Of similar purport is the testimony of one of my witnesses, a man who is still in the Government inspection service. He writes me that he has seen carcasses come into the packing-houses, brought from another place where there had been a fire. This meat was so charred that portions of it were cracked and falling off, and yet because the Government inspection stamps were on it it had to be passed!

The most startling single fact in the whole of this scandalous situation is the one that the Federal inspectors have nothing to do with meat after it has passed the post-mortem examination. The fact that meat was good when it was killed is no guarantee that it is good when it comes to be canned or potted or smoked or ground up into sausage—possibly in another packing-house a thousand miles away or in the same packing-house six months after it was killed. Neither does the fact that a carcass is good make the gristle, cartilage, gullet, ears, skin and similar portions fit for food. Yet the Government has been certifying this for the packers to millions of consumers at home and abroad. Hundreds of millions of cans of adulterated, dyed and embalmed food have been sent out to every corner of the civilized world, marked as having been inspected and approved by the United States Government, when all that the Government had seen to was that the carcass was sound when it was killed! And the Government had really not been able to see even to that, for its inspectors had

DEAD RATS GROUND UP WITH SAUSAGE MEAT.

There would be meat stored in great piles in rooms; and the water from leaky roofs would drip over it, and thousands of rats would race about on it. It was too dark in these storage places to see well, but a man could run his hands over these piles of meat and sweep off handfuls of foul dirt. These rats were nuisances, and the packers would put poisoned bread out for them; they would die, and then rats, bread and meat would go into the hoppers together. This is no fairy story and no joke; the meat would be shovelled into carts, and the man who did the shovelling would not trouble to lift out a rat even when he saw one—there were things that went into sausage in comparison with which a poisoned rat was a tidbit.—From "THE JUNGLE."

been on duty only eight hours in the day, and the packing-houses had been killing frequently all day and night! And counting only the carcasses actually passed—the number of them had been so great and the number of inspectors had been so small that each inspector had been required to pass and certify to a carcass every half minute during the whole time that he was working!

The fifth article in the series written by Mr. Sinclair will be published in Thursday's Evening World.

CAP'N VOUCHES FOR SCHOOL OF WHALES

See 'Em? You Bet He Did, and They Seemed to Nigh Fill Up the Ocean.

Further reports of the big school of whales that the Carpathia ran into last week were brought to port today by the British tramp steamer Shimosa, that left Yokohama on March 17 and came by way of the Suez Canal. Capt. Chaplin said that last Thursday he came upon a sort of whale convention that took up most of the Atlantic within the horizon boundary, and that for an hour he was virtually becalmed or bewhaled.

Some Spoutin', Some Asleep.

"Whales were everywhere," said the captain. "Some were spouting and playing about and others were lying asleep on the surface. One big bull seemed angry because we were there and butted the ship half a dozen times. There was no danger to us, but I'll bet he had a headache, for he landed prow on trying to ram us. I took care to go slow and not slice any of them, and there were so many that at one time we were hardly moving. Then they began to dive, and in a short time only a few could be seen a mile or so away."

Capt. Chaplin was interested when he was told that the Carpathia reported running into a similar school, and that the big Cunarder had cut one of them in two. Capt. Chaplin said he believed it was the same school that he encountered.

Extra—Monkeys Didn't Escape. The Shimosa had the usual lively experience of a tramp with a polyglot crew and a steamer full of monkeys. There were five different religions represented in her crew, necessitating as many different messes. The crew was made up of Latvians, Malays and Chinamen, and each of these three nationalities demanded a different sort of cooking. All of the officers except one went in for the regulation galley cuisine. The assistant engineer, Abraham Silva, is an orthodox Hebrew and he acted as his own cook in order that his mess might be kosher.

There were forty monkeys on board, as well as forty Java sparrows. Only a few of the monkeys managed to escape and take to the rigging. The sparrows were kept in Silva's cabin, however, and all of them got loose during a storm. When Silva entered his cabin they pecked at his face, and although this was three weeks ago he still bears half a dozen scars.

ATE INK-ERASER WITH POPCORN.

Doctors, with Knives, Found Indigestible Grab-Bag Prize After Two Operations.

Because he ate the prize in a grab-bag of popcorn, four-year-old Francis Donnelly, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Donnelly, of Concord, N. H., has undergone two operations and is in a precarious condition.

The first operation was performed last week. Dr. Walker and Soles found nothing, then, and the child did not know that he had eaten anything besides popcorn. Yesterday by a second operation the eraser was discovered. The physicians believe that the boy will recover.

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